LE
T

Number 40

MORANG'S LITERATURE SERIES

3 1761 04302 4413

Tennyson's Maud & Locksley Hall

EDITED WITH NOTES BY

JOHN C. SAUL, M.A.

TORONTO

MORANG EDUCATIONAL COMPANY LIMITED

Price 15 cents

Morang's Literature Series

GENERAL EDITOR

JOHN C. SAUL, M.A.

1. **High School Poetry Book, Part I.** Edited with notes by W. J. Sykes, B.A., English Master, Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.
2. **High School Poetry Book, Part II.** Edited with notes by W. J. Sykes, B.A.
3. **Poems of the Love of Country.** Edited with notes by J. E. Wetherell, B.A., Inspector of High Schools for Ontario.
4. **Selections from Tennyson.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul, M.A.
5. **High School Ballad Book.** Edited with notes by F. F. Macpherson, B.A., Assistant Master, Normal School, Hamilton.
6. **Modern English Ballads.** Edited with notes by F. F. Macpherson, B.A.
7. **Selections from the Nature Poets.** Edited with notes by Andrew Stevenson, B.A., Assistant Master, Normal School, London.
8. **Selections from the Canadian Prose Writers.** Edited with notes by E. A. Hardy, B.A., Principal, Moulton College, Toronto. *In preparation.*
9. **Selections from the Canadian Poets.** Edited with notes by E. A. Hardy, B.A.
10. **Selections from Wordsworth.** Edited with notes by Alexander Mowat, B.A., Inspector of Public Schools, Peterborough.
11. **Selections from Byron, Shelley and Keats.** Edited with notes by S. J. Radcliffe, B.A., Principal, Normal School, London. *In preparation.*
12. **High School Poetry Book, Part III.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul, M.A.
13. **High School Prose Book, Part I.** Edited with notes by O. J. Stevenson, M.A., D.Paed., Professor of Pedagogy, Queen's University, Kingston.
14. **High School Prose Book, Part II.** Edited with notes by O. J. Stevenson, M.A., D.Paed.
15. **Kingsley's The Heroes.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul, M.A.
16. **Narrative Poems.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul, M.A.
17. **Hawthorne's Wonder Book.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul.
18. **Selections from Longfellow.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul.
19. **Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul, M.A.

(See inside of back cover)

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/maudlocksleyhal00tenn

MORANG'S LITERATURE SERIES

TENNYSON'S

MAUD

AND

LOCKSLEY HALL

EDITED WITH NOTES

BY

JOHN C. SAUL, M.A.

381281
6 40
3

TORONTO
MORANG EDUCATIONAL COMPANY LIMITED
1909

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada,
in the Year Nineteen Hundred and Nine, by
Morang Educational Company Limited,
in the Department of Agriculture.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Life of Tennyson	5
Introduction to Maud	13
Maud	33
Introduction to Locksley Hall	99
Locksley Hall	101
Selected Bibliography	119

INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF TENNYSON

Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, a small hamlet among the Lincolnshire wolds, on August 6, 1809. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, vicar of Somersby, was a man of large and cultivated intellect, interested in poetry, mathematics, painting, music, and architecture, but somewhat harsh and austere in manner, and subject to fits of gloomy depression, during which his presence was avoided by his family. The father, however, was sincerely devoted to his children, and himself supervised their education. His mother, Elizabeth Fytche, the daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche of Louth, was a kind-hearted, gentle, refined woman, beloved by her family and friends. Her influence over her sons and daughters was unbounded, and over none more so than Alfred, who in after life recognized to the full the debt he owed to his mother.

The family was large, consisting of twelve sons and daughters, of whom the eldest died in infancy. Alfred was the fourth child, his brothers Frederick and Charles being older than he. The home life was a very happy one. The boys and girls were all fond of books, and their games partook of the nature of those they had been reading. They were also given to writing, and in this they were encouraged by their father, who proved himself a wise and discriminating critic. Alfred early showed signs of his poetic bent; at the age of twelve he had written an epic of four thousand lines, and even before

this a tragedy and innumerable poems in blank verse. He was not encouraged, however, to preserve these specimens of his early powers, and they are now lost.

Alfred attended for a time a small school near his home, but at the age of seven was sent to the grammar school at Louth. While at Louth he lived with his grandmother, but his days at school were not happy, and he afterwards looked back over them with almost a shudder. Before he was twelve he returned home and began his preparation for the university under his father's care. His time was not all devoted to serious study, but was spent in roving through his father's library devouring the great classics of ancient and modern times, and in writing his own poems. The family each summer removed to Mablethorpe on the Lincolnshire coast. Here Alfred learned to love the sea in all its moods, a love which lasted through his life.

In 1827, after Frederick had entered Cambridge, the two brothers, Charles and Alfred, being in want of pocket money, resolved to publish a volume of poems. They made a selection from their numerous poems, and offered the volume to a bookseller in Louth. For some unknown reason, he accepted the poems, and soon after they were published under the title, *Poems by Two Brothers*. There were in reality three brothers, as some of Frederick's poems were included in the collection. The brothers were promised £20, but more than one-half of this sum they had to take out in books. With the money they went on a triumphal expedition to the sea, rejoicing in the successful launching of their first literary effort.

In 1828 Charles and Alfred Tennyson matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where their elder brother Frederick had already been for some time. Alfred was

a somewhat shy lad, and did not at once take kindly to the life of his college. He soon, however, found himself one of a famous society known as the "Apostles," to which belonged some of the best men in the university. Not one member of the "Apostles" at this time but afterwards made a name for himself and made his influence felt in the world of politics or letters. The society met at regular intervals, but Alfred did not take a great part in the debates, preferring to sit silent and listen to what was said. All his friends had unbounded admiration for his poetry and unlimited faith in his poetic powers. This faith was strengthened by the award of the University Prize for English Verse to Alfred in June, 1829. He did not wish to compete, but, on being pressed by his father, polished up an old poem he had written some years before, and presented it for competition, the subject being *Timbuctoo*. The poem was in blank verse, and showed considerable power; in fact, it was a remarkable poem for one so young.

Perhaps the most powerful and lasting influence on the life of Tennyson was the friendship he formed while at Cambridge with Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the historian, Henry Hallam. The two became inseparable friends, a friendship strengthened by the engagement of Hallam to the poet's sister. The two friends arranged to publish a volume of poems as a joint production, but Henry Hallam, the elder, did not encourage the project, and it was dropped. The result was that in 1830, *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, was brought out with the name of Alfred Tennyson alone on the title-page. The volume was reviewed enthusiastically by Hallam, but was more or less slated by Christopher North in the columns of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Tennyson was very

angry about the latter review, and replied to the reviewer in some caustic, but entirely unnecessary, verses.

In the same year Hallam and Tennyson made an expedition into Spain to carry aid to the rebel leader in arms against the king. The expedition was not by any means a success. In 1831 Tennyson left Cambridge, without taking his degree, and shortly after his return home his father died. The family, however, did not remove from Somersby, but remained there until 1837. Late in 1832 appeared another volume entitled *Poems by Alfred Tennyson.* This drew upon the unfortunate author a bitterly sarcastic article in the *Quarterly,* written probably by its brilliant editor, John Gibson Lockhart. The result of this attack was that Tennyson was silent for ten years, a period spent in ridding himself of the weaknesses so brutally pointed out by the reviewer.

In 1833 Arthur Henry Hallam died, and for a time the light of life seemed to have gone out for Alfred Tennyson. The effect of the death of Hallam upon the poet was extraordinary. It seemed to have changed the whole current of his life; indeed, he is said under the strain of the awful suddenness and unexpectedness of the event to have contemplated suicide. But saner thoughts intervened, and he again took up the burden of life with the determination to do what he could in helping others. From this period of storm and stress came *In Memoriam.*

From 1832 to 1842 Tennyson spent a roving life, now at home, now in London, now with his friends in various parts of England. He was using his time in elaborating his poems, so that when he again came before the world with a volume, he would be a master. The circle of his friends was widening, and now included the

greater number of the master minds of England. He was poor, so poor in fact that he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing the books he wished to read from his friends. But during all this time he never wavered in his allegiance to poetry; he had determined to be a poet, and to devote his life to his art. At length in 1842 he published his *Poems* in two volumes, and the world was conquered.

In 1845, Tennyson, poor still, was granted by the government a pension of £200, chiefly through the influence of his friends Richard Monckton Milnes and Thomas Carlyle. There was a great deal of criticism regarding this pension from sources that should have been favourable, but the general verdict approved the grant. In 1847 appeared *The Princess*, a poem, which, at that time, did not materially add to his fame, but the poet was now acknowledged as one of the great ones of his time, and much was expected of him.

In 1850 three most important events in the life of Tennyson happened. He published *In Memoriam*, in memory of his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam; he was appointed Poet Laureate, in succession to Wordsworth; and he married Emily Selwood, a lady to whom he had been engaged for seventeen years, but whom his poverty had prevented him from leading to the altar. He was now happily married; his fame was established; his books brought him a sufficient income on which to live comfortably and well. From this point there is little to relate in his career, except the publication of his various volumes.

After his marriage, Tennyson lived for some time at Twickenham, where in 1852 Hallam Tennyson was born. In 1851 he and his wife visited Italy, a visit commemorated in *The Daisy*. In 1853 they removed to Farring-

ford, near Freshwater in the Isle of Wight, a residence subsequently purchased with the proceeds of *Maud*, published in 1855. This poem had a somewhat mixed reception, being received in some quarters with unstinted abuse, and in others with the warmest praise. In the year that *Maud* was given to the world, Tennyson received the honorary degree of D.C.L., from Oxford. In 1859 was published the first four of the *Idylls of the King*, followed in 1864 by *Enoch Arden, and Other Poems*. In 1865 his mother died. In 1869 he purchased Aldworth, an almost inaccessible residence in Surrey, near London, in order to escape during the summer the annoyance of visitors to the Isle of Wight, who insisted on invading his privacy.

From 1870 to 1880 Tennyson was engaged principally on his dramas, — *Queen Mary*, *Harold*, and *Becket*, — but, with the exception of the last, these did not prove particularly successful on the stage. In 1880 *Ballads and Poems* was published, an astonishing volume from one so advanced in years. In 1882 the *Promise of May* was produced in public, but was soon withdrawn. In 1884 Tennyson was raised to the peerage as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford, after having on two previous occasions refused a baronetcy. In 1885 *Tiresias and Other Poems* was published. This volume contained *Balin and Balan*, thus completing the *Idylls of the King*, which now assumed their permanent order and form. *Demeter and Other Poems* followed in 1889. In 1892, on October 6, the poet died at Aldworth, "with the moonlight upon his bed and an open Shakespeare by his side." A few days later he was buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Robert Browning, his friend and contemporary, who had preceded him by only a few years.

MAUD

INTRODUCTION

In December, 1836, Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, an old Cambridge friend, wrote to Tennyson a letter in which these sentences occur: "Now, be a good boy and do as you are told; Lord Northampton is getting up a charity book of poetry for the destitute family of a man of letters, born in the dead letter office, and he earnestly prays you to contribute, not your mite, but your might, to it. I have half-promised you will give him something pretty considerable, for the fault will be that the contributions are not as great in dimension as in name. He has got original things of Wordsworth, Southey, Miss Bailey, R.M.M., etc. I will love you more and more, therefore, if you will send some jewels directed to the Marquis of Northampton, Castle Ashley, Northampton, as soon as convenient."

To this appeal Tennyson returned a refusal couched in a half-bantering strain, and ending with the lines, "How should such a modest man as I see my small name in collocation with the great ones of Southey, Wordsworth, R.M.M., etc., and not feel myself a barndoor fowl among peacocks." Milnes, however, took this good-natured denial with a very bad grace, and sent the poet a letter in which he gave expression to his anger in no measured terms. Tennyson, in utter amazement, answered immediately in a letter that has become a classic of its kind. One sentence will bear quotation: "Had I spoken the same things laughingly in my chair,

and with my own emphasis, you would have seen what they really meant, but coming to read them, peradventure in a fit of indigestion or with a slight matutinal headache after your apostolic symposium, you subject them to such misinterpretation, as, if I had not sworn to be true friend to you till my latest death-ruckle, would have gone far to make me indignant." The result was that Tennyson promised not only a contribution from himself, but also engaged to procure a poem from his brother Charles. These were sent in due course to Lord Northampton, and published in the *Tribute*, August, 1837.

Tennyson's lines were entitled *Stanzas by Alfred Tennyson, Esq.*, and occupy seven pages of the brown leather volume in which they first saw the light. The poem, as originally printed, is as follows:—

"Oh! that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true-love
Round me once again!

"When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter,
Than anything on earth.

"A shadow flits before me —
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah God! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls they loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

"It leads me forth at Evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

"Half the night I waste in sighs,
In a wakeful dose I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes —
For the meeting of to-morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

"Do I hear the pleasant ditty,
That I heard her chant of old?
But I wake — my dream is fled.
Without knowledge, without pity —
In the shuddering dawn behold,
By the curtains of my bed,
That abiding phantom cold.

"Then I rise: the eave-drops fall
And the yellow-vapours choke.
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes — a dull red ball,
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke,
On the misty river-tide.

"Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosseth here, it crosseth there —
Thro' all that crowd, confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

"Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call —
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet even-fall.
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old Manorial Hall.

"Then the broad light glares and beats,
And the sunk eye flits and fleets,
And will not let me be.
I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
To some still cavern deep,
And to weep, and weep and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

"Get thee hence, nor come again,
Pass and cease to move about —
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
Mix not memory with doubt.
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

"Would the happy Spirit descend
In the chamber or the street
As she looks among the blest;
Should I fear to greet my friend,
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,
To the region of thy rest.'

"But she tarries in her place,
And I paint the beauteous face
Of the maiden that I lost,
In my inner eyes again,

Lest my heart be overborne
By the thing I hold in scorn,
By a dull mechanic ghost
And a juggle of the brain.

"I can shadow forth my bride
As I knew her fair and kind,
As I woo'd her for my wife;
She is lovely by my side
In the silence of my life —
'Tis a phantom of the mind.

"'Tis a phantom fair and good;
I can call it to my side,
So to guard my life from ill,
Tho' its ghastly sister glide
And be moved around me still
With the moving of the blood,
That is moved not of the will.

"Let it pass, the dreary brow,
Let the dismal face go by.
Will it lead me to the grave?
There I loose it: it will fly:
Can it overlast the nerves?
Can it overlive the eye?
But the other, like a star,
Thro' the channel windeth far
Till it fade and fail and die,
To its Archetype that waits,
Clad in light by golden gates —
Clad in light the Spirit waits
To embrace me in the sky."

These lines, owing to the circumstances under which they were published, had a somewhat wide circulation, even the *Edinburgh Review* condescending to notice them in a few words: "We do not profess," says the reviewer,

"perfectly to understand the somewhat mysterious contribution of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, entitled *Stanzas*, but amidst some quaintness and some occasional absurdities of expression, it is not difficult to detect the hand of a true poet in these stanzas which describe the appearance of a visionary form by which the writer is supposed to be haunted amidst the streets of a crowded city." Swinburne speaks of the poem as the one "of deepest charm and fullest delight of pathos and melody ever written even by Mr. Tennyson," and George Brimley sums up his appreciation in the statement that "there is nothing that presents the incipient stage of madness springing from the wrecked affections with more of reality and pathos than this poem."

Seventeen years later, while Tennyson was walking with Sir John Simeon, a dear and valued neighbour at Freshwater, and discussing this contribution to the long-forgotten Annual, the latter remarked that something was wanting to explain the story. The poet took the hint, and *Maud* is the result. Curiously enough, this story is told somewhat differently by Willingham Franklin Rawnsley in *Memories of the Tennysons*. He says: "It was there, too, on his casting about as he often did, for a new subject to write on, my mother, as she herself told me, suggested his enlarging his lovely little fragment, published some years before in the *Tribute*, than which she told him he had never written anything better, and which, for he acted on the suggestion, is now embedded in *Maud*. I have the whole canto as it then stood written out at the time for my mother." *The Memoir* by Hallam, Lord Tennyson, however, ascribes the suggestion to Sir John Simeon, but it is not impossible that the two stories can be reconciled. Eleven of the stanzas that appeared in the *Tribute* were used by

Tennyson to make up the twenty-fourth section of the first edition of *Maud*, five of the original stanzas being omitted, and two were added in order to bring the verses into harmony with the thought of the poem as a whole.

The composition of *Maud* occupied the poet during the autumn and winter of 1854. The poem was finished on the 10th of January, 1855, revised during the next five months, and completed on the 7th of July in the same year. It was published in a volume which contained in addition to the title-poem, *The Brook*, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, and *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. In the second edition, that of 1856, several textual changes were made, and two sections added. In 1859 the poem was divided into two parts, and later, in 1865, into three well-marked divisions. The present title is *Maud: A Monodrama*.

The proof-sheets of the 1855 volume contain a remarkable passage, suppressed, however, before the poem was published. It occurs in the tenth section, and is a portion of the description of the "young lord-lover," who, with the sanction of the brother, comes to woo Maud. Powerful and pungent as these verses are, it is, perhaps, just as well that they did not find a place in the completed poems. They are here given as an example of a style in which Tennyson has written but little, and as showing the extraordinary care with which he invariably revised his poems before publication.

II

"What, has he found my jewel out,
This babe-faced lord? I am sure it was he,
Bound for the Hall, and perhaps for a bride;
Blithe would her brother's acceptance be.

Maud could be gracious, too, no doubt,
To the dawdling drawl of the tender ape,
His bought commission, his padded shape,
His one-half grain of sense, and his three
Shaw-colour'd hairs upon either side
Of a rabbit mouth that is ever agape.

III

"Now are they serf-like, horribly bland,
To this lord-captain up at the Hall:
Will she smile if he presses her hand?
Captain? he to hold a command!
He can hold a cue, he can pocket a ball.
And, sure, not a bantam cockrel lives
With a weaker crow upon English land;
Whether he boast of a horse that gains,
Or cackle his own applause, when he gives
A filthy story at second-hand
Where the point is miss'd and the filth remains.

IV

"Bought commission! can such as he
Be wholesome guards for an English throne,
When if France but make a lunge, why she,
God knows, might prick us to the backbone?

V

"What use for a single mouth to rage
At the rotten creak of the old machine,
Tho' it makes friend weep and enemy smile,
That here in the face of a watchful age
The sons of a graybeard-ridden isle
Should dance in a round of old routine,
And a few great families lead the reels,
While pauper manhood lies in the dirt,
And Favour and Wealth with gilded heels,
Trample service and tried desert."

It is difficult at present to understand the storm of adverse criticism that greeted the appearance of *Maud.* The literary arbiters of the time were almost unanimous in condemnation; nor was this condemnation for the most part expressed in measured language, but rather in terms of the most violent abuse. Dr. Mann gives a summary of contemporary judgments on the poem: "One member of the fraternity immediately pronounced the poem to be *a spasm;* another acutely discovered that it was a careless, visionary, and unreal *allegory of the Russian war;* a third could not quite make up his mind whether the adjective *mud* or *mad* would best apply to the work, but thought, as there was only one small vowel redundant in the title in either case, both might do. A fourth found that the mud concealed *irony;* and a fifth, leaning rather to the mad hypothesis, nevertheless held that the madness was only assumed as *an excuse for* pitching the tone of the poetry in *a key of extravagant sensibility.* Others of the multifold judgments were that it was an *ægis covering startling propositions* from too close philosophic scrutiny; a *political fever;* an *epidemic* caught from the prevalent carelessness of thought and rambling contemplativeness of the time; *obscurity mistaken for profundity;* the *dead level of prose run mad; circumstance proclaimed dominant* over free-will; *matrimony-exhibited* as the soother of troubled dreams; *absurdity, such as even partial friendship must blush to tolerate;* rampant and rabid *bloodthirstiness of soul.*" Even the stately reviews shared in the general chorus of dispraise. *Blackwood's* concludes a long and painstaking article, written more in sorrow than anger, with these words: "A more unpleasant task than that which we have just performed in reviewing this poem and passing so

unfavourable a judgment, has not devolved upon us for many a day. We hoped to have been able to applaud — we have been compelled, against our wish and expectation, to condemn. If the opinion we have expressed should have the effect of making Mr. Tennyson aware of the fact that he is imperilling his fame by issuing poems so ill-considered, crude, tawdry, and objectionable as this, then we believe that our present plainness of speech will be the cause of a great gain to the poetic literature of the country." But perhaps some excuse may be found for the critics, when even Mr. Gladstone confesses himself at a loss. In a letter to the Duchess of Sutherland, he writes: "I find *Maud* takes a good deal of trouble to understand, and is hardly worth understanding. It has many peculiar beauties, but against them one sets the strange and nearly frantic passages about war; which one can hardly tell whether he means to be taken for sense or ravings."

All the criticism, however, was not hostile. Jowett, afterwards Master of Balliol College, Oxford, wrote to the poet: "I want to tell you how greatly I admire *Maud*. No poem since Shakespeare seems to show equal power of the same kind in equal knowledge of human nature. No modern poem contains more lines that ring in the ears of men. I do not know any verse out of Shakespeare in which the ecstasy of love soars to such a height." Henry Taylor also wrote: "I felt the passion of it, and the poetic spirit that is in it, and the poetic spirit that it seemed in some measure to bring back unto me. I am glad that there is some one living who can do me that service and glad that you are he." John Ruskin recognized in an appreciative letter the beauties of the poem, while George Brimley sent to Tennyson a copy of his fine essay, a tribute that was gratefully acknowledged.

But perhaps the best piece of criticism evoked by the controversy was the "*Maud*" *Vindicated* of Dr. Robert James Mann. This paper-covered pamphlet of seventy-eight pages is a masterly defence of the poem, so good that Tennyson wrote to the author: "Thanks for your vindication. No one with this essay before him can in future pretend to misunderstand my dramatic poem *Maud;* your commentary is as true as it is full." The little book is written with calmness and deliberation, and none the less with enthusiasm and intense reverence for the poet and his work. The criticism is acute, the argument admirably sustained.

About the same time, William Cory, aroused to indignation by the abuse showered on *Maud* in contrast to the favour with which Tennyson's productions had hitherto been received, published in a volume entitled *Ionica* a poem *After Reading "Maud."* The lines are so altogether admirable in feeling and expression that they are quoted in full: —

"Twelve years ago, if he had died,
His critic friends had surely cried:
'Death does us wrong, the fates are cross;
Nor will this age repair the loss.
Fine was the promise of his youth;
Time would have brought him deeper truth.
Some earnest of his wealth he gave,
Then hid his treasures in the grave.'
And proud that they alone on earth
Perceived what might have been his worth,
They would have kept their leader's name
Linked with a fragmentary fame.
Forsooth the beeches' knotless stem,
If early felled, were dear to them.
But the fair tree lives on, and spreads
Its scatheless boughs above their heads,

And they are pollarded by cares,
And give themselves religious airs,
And grow not, whilst the forest-king
Strikes high and deep from spring to spring.
So they would have his branches rise
In theoretic symmetries;
They see a twist in yonder limb,
The foliage not precisely trim;
Some gnarled roughness they lament,
Take credit for their discontent,
And count his flaws serenely wise
With moles of pity in their eyes;
As if they could, the prudent fools,
Adjust such live-long growth to rules,
As if so strong a soul could thrive
Fixed in one shape at thirty-five.
Leave him to us, ye good and sage,
Who stiffen in your middle age.
Ye loved him once, but now forbear;
Yield him to those who hope and dare,
And have not yet to forms consigned
A rigid, ossifying mind.

"One's feelings lose poetic flow
Soon after twenty-seven or so;
Professionizing moral men
Thenceforth admire what pleased them then;
The poems bought in youth they read,
And say them over like their creed.
All autumn crops of rhyme seem strange;
Their intellect resents the change.
They cannot follow to the end
Their more susceptive college-friend:
He runs from field to field, and they
Stroll in their paddocks making hay:
He's ever young, and they get old;
Poor things, they deem him over-bold:
What wonder, if they stare and scold?"

The unfavourable reception that *Maud* met with on publication is referred to somewhat at length, as the impression then made on the public mind has been by no means yet dissipated. Tennyson, himself, attributed the unpopularity of the poem to the fact that it was not understood. Indeed, in his anxiety that it should not be misinterpreted, he has left us his own explanation. "This poem," he says, "is a little *Hamlet*, the history of a morbid, poetic soul, under the influence of a recklessly speculative age. He is the heir of madness, an egoist with the making of a cynic, raised to sanity by a pure and holy love which elevates his whole nature, passing from the height of triumph to the lowest depth of misery, driven into madness by the loss of her whom he had loved, and, when he has at length passed through the fiery furnace and has recovered his reason, giving himself up to work for the good of mankind through the unselfishness born of his great passion."

In the first place, as Edward Everett Hale very shrewdly points out in the *North American Review*, the fact of Tennyson having recently been appointed Poet Laureate, had much to do with contemporary judgment. He says: "One must hesitate before he accepts the wreath of the Poet Laureate; for from that moment it seems as if the poet, most loved, even most petted, were given over, as if he were a politician, to be food for unkind, biting comment, which he would have been wholly spared had not the Queen chosen him as her own. We are certain to have heard unkind things said of *Maud* which would never have been said had Mr. Alfred Tennyson been a plain D.C.L." Jealousy is not unknown even in the realm of literature.

In the second place, Tennyson, by the part that he

assigns to the Crimean War in the redemption of his hero, and by the constant references throughout the poem to the purifying effects of war, touched upon current politics, and roused the antagonism of the peace-party in general and the opponents of the war in particular. John Churton Collins well says: "By representing the Crimean War as having roused his hero from his egotism and despair, as well as by the commentaries on that war which he puts into his mouth, Tennyson made the poem bear very immediately on contemporary politics. It was composed and appeared when the excitement about the Crimean War was at its height, when the 'peace-party,' headed by John Bright and others, was clamouring in opposition to the war, and the Government and the 'war-party' were on their defence. Tennyson's own sympathies, as his other writings show, were enthusiastically on the side of the war-party, and it was not perhaps very skilful advocacy to make so crazy a person as the hero of the poem, the mouthpiece, in all seriousness, of the opinions and sentiments of that party. Thus the poem was in some respects the manifesto of a political faction, and, into the very unfavourable contemporary critiques of the works political feeling undoubtedly entered. It has passed now into a serener atmosphere."[1]

[1] Mr. Gladstone, who published in *The Quarterly Review* for October, 1859, a somewhat scathing article dealing with *Maud*, twenty years later added a note: —

"In this attempt at a criticism upon *Maud*, I can now see, and I at once confess, that a feeling, which had reference to the growth of the war-spirit in the outer world at the date of this article, dislocated my frame of mind, and disabled me from dealing even tolerably with the work as a work of imagination. Whether it is to be desired that a poem should require from common men a good deal of effort in order to comprehend it; whether all that is put into the mouth of the Soliloquist in *Maud* is within the lines of poetical verisimilitude; whether

In the third place the poem, when first published, was merely divided into sections, so that the various parts ran into one another in a way that was sufficiently exasperating, if not unintelligible. There was no cue given to the meaning of the poem. The hero appeared to be insane one moment and sane the next, and passed from one state to the other with bewildering rapidity. Tennyson recognized this weakness, and in subsequent editions added several sections and stanzas to carry forward the argument, and also divided the poem into three well-marked divisions corresponding with the moods of the hero. These changes corrected an inherent weakness in the poem and added materially to its clearness.

To jealousy, political prejudice, and a certain lack of clearness in the first edition of the poem itself may perhaps be attributed the unfavourable judgments formed by the literary solons of the time.

In reading *Maud*, it must be carefully kept in mind that the poem is purely dramatic; the poet is not speak-

this poem has the full moral equilibrium which is so marked a characteristic of the sister-works; are questions open, perhaps, to discussion. But I have neither done justice in the text to its rich and copious beauties of detail, nor to its great lyrical and metrical power. And what is worse, I have failed to comprehend rightly the relation between particular passages in the poem and its general scope. This is, I conceive, not to set forth any coherent strain, but to use for poetical ends all the moods and phases allowable under the laws of the art, in a special form of character, which is impassioned, fluctuating, and ill-grounded. The design, which seems to resemble that of the *Ecclesiastes* in another sphere, is arduous; but Mr. Tennyson's power of execution is probably nowhere greater. Even as regards the passages devoted to war-frenzy, equity should have reminded me of the fine lines in the *latter* portion of X. 3 (Part I), and of the emphatic words, v. 11 (Part II): —

> 'I swear to you lawful and lawless war
> Are scarcely even akin.'"

ing in his own person, is not responsible in himself for the sentiments placed in the mouth of the hero. To this confusion between the poet and the hero is due in great measure the misconceptions that have risen with reference to the poem. One can with as much justice attribute the opinions of the Duke in *My Last Duchess* to Robert Browning as those of the hero in *Maud* to Alfred Tennyson. And yet that is exactly what has been done over and over again, and is still being done. Even so sane and sympathetic a commentator as Mr. Stopford Brooke has fallen into this error, although he confesses that he suffers some uneasiness in his criticisms. Tennyson has, as far as possible, endeavoured to remove this misconception, even going so far as to add in later editions the sub-title *A Monodrama.* When reading *Maud,* as far as the development of the character of hero is concerned, and the opinions he expresses, it is not necessary even to think of the author.

In order to enter with any degree of interest or appreciation into the poem as a whole, it is necessary to have a clear conception of the events leading up to the beginning of the action. These may be picked up as the poem progresses, but so important did Tennyson consider this pre-knowledge that he was accustomed, we are told, to preface his own reading of the poem by an explanation somewhat similar to the following taken from the *"Maud" Vindicated* of Dr. Robert James Mann:—

"At the opening of the drama, the chief person or hero is introduced with scenery and incidents artistically disposed around his figure, so as to make the reader at once acquainted with certain facts in his history, which it is essential should be known. Although still a young man, he has lost his father some years before, by a sudden and violent death, following

immediately upon unforeseen ruin brought about by an unfortunate speculation, in which the deceased had rashly engaged. Whether the death was the result of accident, or had been self-inflicted in a moment of despair, no one knows, but the son's mind has been painfully possessed by a suspicion of villainy and foul-play somewhere, because an old friend of his family became suddenly and unaccountably rich, by the very same transaction that had brought ruin to the dead. Shortly after the decease of his father, the bereaved young man, by the death of his mother, is left quite alone in the world. He continues thenceforth to reside in the retired village in which his early life had been spent, but the sad experiences of his youth have confirmed the bent of a mind constitutionally prone to depression and melancholy. Brooding in loneliness upon miserable memories and bitter fancies, his temperament, as a matter of course, becomes more and more morbid and irritable. He can see nothing in human affairs that does not awaken in him disgust and contempt. Evil glares out from all social arrangements, and unqualified meanness and selfishness appear in every human form, so he keeps to himself, and chews the cud of cynicism and discontent apart from his kind.

"Since the days of his early youth, up to the period when the immediate action of the poem is supposed to commence, the dreamy recluse has seen nothing of the family of the man to whom circumstances have inclined him to attribute his misfortunes. This individual, although since his accession of prosperity, the possession of the neighbouring hall and of the manorial lands of the village, has been residing abroad. Just at this time, however, there are workmen up at the dark old place, and a rumour spreads that the absentees are about to return. This rumour, as a matter of course, stirs up afresh rankling memories in the breast of the recluse, and re-awakens there old griefs. But with the group of associated recollections that come crowding forth, there is one of the child *Maud*, who used, in happier days, to be his merry playfellow. She will now, however, be a child no longer. She will return as

the lady mistress of the mansion. What will she be like? He, who wonders, has heard somewhere that she is singularly beautiful. But what is this to him? Even while he thinks of her, he feels a chill presentiment, suggested no doubt by her close relationship to one who has already worked him so much harm, that she will bring with her a curse for him."

The hero has a predisposition to madness, which, as Tainsh says, gives to all his emotions, whether of joy or sorrow, an intensity possible only under such conditions. His emotions, when he is first brought before us, are intensely painful. He is haunted continually by the uncertain fate of his father, and the death of his broken-hearted mother. He blames all his misfortunes on one who, if he had not deliberately cheated, had at least

"Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drained."

Like the Greek in the story, from one he judges all, and the treachery of the old man at the Hall leads him to think that all the world is depraved. He is neither rich nor poor, and so has time to brood over his wrongs and those of the world, but where the one ends and the other begins, it is difficult to tell. He mistrusts and hates everybody, including himself. He is misanthropic and self-centred, lonely and alone. It is at this point that Maud appears, and the action of the poem begins.

Maud was always a favourite with Tennyson, perhaps because of all his poems it received at its birth the most unstinted abuse. It was the poem that he generally chose to read to his friends, many of whom have left interesting accounts of the reading and the effect upon the listener. Some of these incidents are so interesting in themselves and so characteristic of the poet, that they are given in the exact words of the writers.

Mrs. Brookfield, one of Tennyson's most intimate friends, gives us a charming picture of the first occasion on which the poem was read: "In the year 1855, just before the publication of *Maud*, I was with my husband and children on a visit to Lord and Lady Ashburton at the Grange, in Hampshire. There was a large party staying in the house, when, to our great joy, Alfred Tennyson also arrived, and, I think, only the next day, the first copy of his latest poem, *Maud*, was forwarded to him. We were, all of us, of course eager to hear his new poem read aloud by himself, and he most kindly agreed to gratify us. But there were difficulties to be got over. Carlyle and his wife were amongst the guests, and it was well known that he could not endure to listen to any one reading aloud — not even to Alfred Tennyson. Carlyle was accustomed to take an early walk daily, and to be accompanied by an appreciative companion. What was to be done? All the visitors in the house were presumably anxious to listen to Tennyson's delightful reading. Lord and Lady Ashburton were kept waiting, chairs had been arranged in a quiet sitting-room; the visitors were taking their places. Alfred was ready. So was Carlyle, — in the hall, waiting for a companion in his walk, — and evidently he would not stir without one. It was quite an anxious moment. We each probably wondered which of us would volunteer to leap into the gulf, as it were, like Quintus Curtius of old. At length, to our great relief, Mr. Goldwin Smith generously stepped forward and joined the philosopher, whilst we remained to listen with enthralled attention to the new words of the poet."

Another memorable picture is given us by Mrs. Browning in one of her letters: "One of the pleasantest things which has happened to us here is the coming

down to us of the Laureate, who, being in London for three or four days, from the Isle of Wight, spent two of them with us, dined with us, smoked with us, opened his heart to us, and ended by reading *Maud* through from end to end, and going away at half-past two in the morning. If I had had a heart to spare, certainly he would have won mine. He is captivating with his frankness, confidingness, and unexampled naïveté. Think of his stopping in *Maud* now and then — 'There 's a wonderful touch! That 's very tender! How beautiful that is!' Yes and it *was* wonderful, tender, beautiful, and he read exquisitely in a voice like an organ, rather music than speech."

But perhaps the finest picture of all is from the pen of Hallam, Lord Tennyson, who relates in the *Memoir:* "I shall never forget his last reading of *Maud*, on August 24th, 1892. He was sitting in his high-backed chair, fronting a southern window which looks over the groves and yellow corn-fields of Sussex, towards the long line of South Downs that stretches from Arundel to Hastings, his high-domed, Rembrandt-like head outlined against the sunset-clouds, seen through the western window. His voice, low and calm in everyday life, capable of delicate and manifold inflections, but with organ-tones of great power and range, thoroughly brought out the drama of the poem. You were at once put in sympathy with the hero."

MAUD

PART I

I

I

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red heath,[1]
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers "Death."

II

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found,
His who had given me life — O father! O God! was it well? —
Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dinted into the ground:
There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell.

III

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a vast speculation had fail'd,
And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever wann'd with despair,

[1] *Blood-red heath.* "When I heard Tennyson read the poem, he paused here and said: 'Blood-red heath! The critics might have known by *that* that the man was mad; there's no such thing.'" — DR. W. J. ROLFE.

And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken worldling wail'd,
And the flying gold[1] of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air.

IV

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd fright,
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night.

V

Villainy somewhere! whose? One says, we are villains all.
Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be maintained:
But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and the Hall,
Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd.

VI

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

[1] *Flying gold.* The autumn leaves.

VII

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?
Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

VIII

Sooner or later I too may passively take the print
Of the golden age — why not? I have neither hope nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust.

IX

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine.
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard — yes! — but a company forges the wine.

X

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,

And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder[1] works in the very means of life,

XI

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villainous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison[2] behind his crimson lights.

XII

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,[3]
And Timour-Mammon[4] grins on a pile of children's bones,

---

[1] *Spirit of murder.* Even the food is adulterated with harmful drugs.

[2] *Poison'd poison.* Adulterated so as to be even more baneful.

[3] *Burial fee.* The mother becomes a member of a Burial Insurance Society, and then murders her child to secure the money paid for funeral expenses.

[4] *Timour-Mammon.* At the siege of Siwas, Timour or Tamerlane, the Tartar conqueror, ordered his cavalry to trample under their horses over one thousand children who came to entreat his mercy for the besieged city. He is said to have built a pyramid composed of the bones of ninety thousand of his enemies slain in battle. Mammon is the god of gold. The reference, of course, is to the unscrupulous employers who sweat the life-blood from the helpless children in factories, mines, etc.

Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.

XIII

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home. ——

XIV

What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his mood?
Must *I* too creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die
Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevermore to brood
On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a wretched swindler's lie?

XV

Would there be sorrow for *me?* there was *love* in the passionate shriek,
Love for the silent thing that had made false haste to the grave —
Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would rise and speak
And rave at the lie and the liar, ah God, as he used to rave.

XVI

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of the moor and the main.
Why should I stay? can a sweeter chance ever come to me here?
O, having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves of pain,
Were it not wise if I fled from the place and the pit and the fear?

XVII

Workmen up at the Hall! — they are coming back from abroad;
The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a millionaire:
I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular beauty of Maud;
I play'd with the girl when a child; she promised then to be fair.

XVIII

Maud with her venturous climbings and tumbles and childish escapes,
Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,
Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,
Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all, —

XIX

What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may bring me a curse.
No, there is fatter game on the moor; she will let me alone.

Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse.
I will bury myself in myself, and the Devil may pipe to his own.

II

Long have I sigh'd for a calm: God grant I may find it at last!
It will never be broken by Maud, she has neither savour nor salt,
But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her carriage passed,
Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where is the fault?
All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen)
Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had not been
For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose,
Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full,
Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose,
From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little touch of spleen.

III

Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek,
Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was drown'd,
Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the cheek,

Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound;
Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong
Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as pale as before
Growing and fading and growing upon me without a sound,
Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night long,
Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no more,
But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden ground,
Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung ship-wrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave,
Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found
The shining daffodil dead, and Orion[1] low in his grave.

IV

I

A million emeralds[2] break from the ruby-budded lime
In the little grove where I sit — ah, wherefore cannot I be

---

[1] *Orion.* One of the constellations, composed of seventeen stars in the form of a man carrying a sword. The spring equinox had already passed.

[2] *Million emeralds.* The green leaves breaking from their crimson covering.

Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land?

II

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet and small!
And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite;
And Jack on his ale-house bench has as many lies as a Czar;[1]
And here on the landward side, by a red rock, glimmers the Hall;
And up in the high Hall-garden I see her pass like a light;
But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading star!

III

When have I bow'd to her father, the wrinkled head of the race?
I met her to-day with her brother, but not to her brother I bow'd:
I bow'd to his lady-sister as she rode by on the moor;

---

[1] *As a Czar.* Every patriotic Englishman was at this time convinced of the duplicity of the Czar of Russia. See note on line 1284.

But the fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her beautiful face.
O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in being so proud;
Your father has wealth well-gotten, and I am nameless and poor.

IV

I keep but a man and a maid, ever ready to slander and steal;
I know it, and smile a hard-set smile, like a stoic, or like
A wiser epicurean, and let the world have its way:
For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;
The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike,
And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey.

V

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower;
Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed?
Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour;
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame;
However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.

VI

A monstrous eft[1] was of old the Lord and Master of Earth,
For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran,
And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning race.
As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man:
He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too base?

VII

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain,
An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor;
The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice.
I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain;
For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice.

---

[1] *A monstrous eft.* Probably the megalosaurus, a monstrous extinct reptile something like a lizard, with powerful jaws and teeth. A full-grown megalosaurus was at least thirty feet in length and weighed about three tons. It was carnivorous.

VIII

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis[1] hid by the veil.
Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?
Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide.
Shall I weep if a Poland[2] fall? shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?
Or an infant civilisation[3] be ruled with rod or with knout?
I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.

IX

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot,
Far-off from the clamour of liars belied in the hubbub of lies;
From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise

---

[1] *Isis.* One of the deities of the ancient Egyptians. On the statues of Isis was frequently found the inscription, "I am all that has been, that shall be, and none among mortals has hitherto taken off my veil."

[2] *Poland . . . Hungary.* The final partition and extinction of the kingdom of Poland took place in 1847. Two years later the insurrection of the Hungarians under Kossuth was suppressed by Austria, with the assistance of Russia.

[3] *Infant civilisation.* A reference to the drastic measures used by the Czar of Russia to compel his people to his will.

Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.

X

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love,
The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless ill.
Ah Maud, you milk-white fawn, you are all unmeet for a wife.
Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in marble above;
Your father is ever in London, you wander about at your will;
You have but fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life.

V

I

A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.[1]

[1] *For their native land.* See lines 1319–1324.

II

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,
Till I well could weep [1] for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

III

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

VI

I

Morning arises stormy and pale,
No sun, but a wannish glare
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,
And the budded peaks of the wood are bow'd

---

[1] *Could weep.* "The meanness and the sordid spirit of the world now begin to call forth tears instead of sarcasm and railery; and he could weep too for his own inactivity and baseness as well as for its meanness. The change of the measure beautifully expresses the character of the transformation the voice and its mistress are working to the hearer." — DR. R. J. MANN.

Caught and cuff'd by the gale:
I had fancied it would be fair.

II

Whom but Maud should I meet
Last night, when the sunset burn'd
On the blossom'd gable-ends
At the head of the village street,
Whom but Maud should I meet?
And she touch'd my hand with a smile so sweet,
She made me divine amends
For a courtesy not return'd.[1]

III

And thus a delicate spark
Of glowing and growing light
Thro' the livelong hours of the dark
Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams
Ready to burst in a colour'd flame;
Till at last when the morning came
In a cloud, it faded, and seems
But an ashen-gray delight.

IV

What if with her sunny hair,
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare
Of some coquettish deceit,
Cleopatra-like[2] as of old

---

[1] *Not return'd.* See lines 115–119 and 748–749.

[2] *Cleopatra-like.* The Egyptian queen, Cleopatra, led captive by her charm and beauty not only Julius Cæsar, but also Marcus Antonius.

To entangle me when we met,
To have her lion roll in a silken net
And fawn at a victor's feet.

V

Ah, what shall I be at fifty
Should Nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five?
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile were all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

VI

What if tho' her eye seem'd full
Of a kind intent to me,
What if that dandy-despot, he,
That jewell'd mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull[1]
Smelling of musk and of insolence,
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,
Who wants the finer politic sense
To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn —
What if he had told her yestermorn

[1] *Assyrian Bull.* This comparison is somewhat crude, but Dr. Rolfe remarks: "It is true that the last thing the winged bull from Nineveh suggests is a dandy, but that is just what it might suggest to a morbid imagination which at the moment recalls only the abundant curls of the majestic figure. It is the hero's metaphor, not Tennyson's."

How prettily for his own sweet sake
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,
That so, when the rotten hustings shake
In another month to his brazen lies,
A wretched vote may be gain'd.

VII

For a raven ever croaks, at my side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,
Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea, too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

VIII

Perhaps the smile and tender tone
Came out of her pitying womanhood,
For am I not, am I not, here alone
So many a summer since she died,
My mother, who was so gentle and good?
Living alone in an empty house,
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at midday moan,
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,
And my own sad name in corners cried,
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown
About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,
And a morbid eating lichen fixt
On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

IX

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and caught
By that you swore to withstand?
For what was it else within me wrought
But, I fear, the new strong wine of love,
That made my tongue so stammer and trip
When I saw the treasured splendour, her hand,
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,
And the sunlight broke from her lip.

X

I have play'd with her when a child;
She remembers it now we meet.
Ah well, well, well, I *may* be beguiled
By some coquettish deceit,
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile had all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

VII

I

Did I hear it half in a doze
Long since, I know not where?
Did I dream it an hour ago,
When asleep in this arm-chair?

II

Men were drinking together,
Drinking and talking of me;
"Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
Will have plenty:[1] so let it be."

[1] *Will have plenty.* See lines 720–724.

III

Is it an echo of something
Read with a boy's delight,
Viziers nodding together
In some Arabian night?

IV

Strange, that I hear two men,
Somewhere, talking of me;
"Well, if it prove a girl, my boy
Will have plenty: so let it be."

VIII

She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone;
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd
To find they were met by my own;
And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat stronger
And thicker, until I heard no longer
The snowy-banded, dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest intone;
And thought, is it pride, and mused and sigh'd
"No surely, now it cannot be pride."

IX

I was walking a mile,
More than a mile from the shore,
The sun look'd out with a smile
Betwixt the cloud and the moor,

And riding at set of day
Over the dark moor land,
Rapidly riding far away,
She waved to me with her hand.
There were two at her side,
Something flash'd in the sun,
Down by the hill I saw them ride,
In a moment they were gone:
Like a sudden spark
Struck vainly in the night,
Then returns the dark
With no more hope of light.

X

I

Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread?
Was not one of the two at her side
This new-made lord, whose splendour plucks
The slavish hat from the villager's head?
Whose old grandfather has lately died,
Gone to a blacker pit, for whom
Grimy nakedness[1] dragging his trucks
And laying his trams in a poison'd gloom
Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine
Master of half a servile shire,
And left his coal all turn'd into gold
To a grandson, first of his noble line,
Rich in the grace all women desire,
Strong in the power that all men adore,
And simper and set their voices lower,

[1] *Grimy nakedness.* This is not an exaggeration. It was only in 1843 that the employment in mines of children under ten years of age and of women was prohibited.

And soften as if to a girl, and hold
Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine,
Seeing his gewgaw castle shine,
New as his title, built last year,
There amid perky larches and pine,
And over the sullen-purple moor
(Look at it) pricking a cockney ear.

II

What, has he found my jewel out?
For one of the two that rode at her side
Bound for the Hall, I am sure was he:
Bound for the Hall, and I think for a bride.
Blithe would her brother's acceptance be.
Maud could be gracious too, no doubt,
To a lord, a captain, a padded shape,
A bought commission, a waxen face,
A rabbit mouth that is ever agape —
Bought? what is it he cannot buy?
And therefore splenetic, personal, base,
A wounded thing with a rancorous cry,
At war with myself and a wretched race,
Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I.

III

Last week came one to the county town,
To preach our poor little army down,
And play the game of the despot kings,
Tho' the state has done it and thrice as well:
This broad-brimm'd hawker[1] of holy things,

[1] *Broad-brimm'd hawker.* Tennyson was violently assailed when *Maud* was published on account of this stanza. It was openly charged that this was an attack on John Bright. It is true that Bright was a Quaker, belonged to the peace party, and

Whose ear is cramm'd with his cotton, and rings
Even in dreams to the chink of his pence,
This huckster put down war! can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence?
Put down the passions that make earth Hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

IV

I wish I could hear again
The chivalrous battle-song
That she warbled alone in her joy!
I might persuade myself then
She would not do herself this great wrong,
To take a wanton dissolute boy
For a man and leader of men.

V

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat — one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

---

was opposed to the Russian War, but nothing was farther from Tennyson's mind than a personal attack on a man whom he both respected and admired. In fact, at the time these lines were penned, the poet was not aware that Bright was a Quaker.

VI

And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!

XI

I

O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

II

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

XII

I

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.[1]

[1] *Crying and calling.* "Tennyson was reading the poem to a silent company assembled in the twilight, and when he came to

II

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

III

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

IV

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

V

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favour!
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

---

the birds in the high Hall-garden calling 'Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,' he stopped short, and asked an authoress who happened to be present what birds these were. The authoress, much alarmed, and feeling that she must speak, and that the eyes of the whole company were upon her, faltered out, 'Nightingales.' 'Pooh,' said Tennyson, 'what a cockney you are! Nightingales don't say Maud. Rooks do, or something like it — Caw, caw, caw, caw, caw.' Then he went on reading." — MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

VI

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.[1]

VII

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
One is come to woo her.

VIII

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charley[2] snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

XIII

I

Scorn'd, to be scorn'd by one that I scorn,
Is that a matter to make me fret?
That a calamity hard to be borne?
Well, he may live to hate me yet.
Fool that I am to be vext with his pride!
I past him, I was crossing his lands;
He stood on the path a little aside;
His face, as I grant, in spite of spite,
Has a broad-blown comeliness, red and white,

[1] *Left the daisies rosy.* The under side of the petals of the daisy are a beautiful pink.

[2] *King Charley.* A King Charles spaniel.

And six feet two, as I think, he stands;
But his essences turn'd the live air sick,
And barbarous opulence jewel-thick
Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands.

II

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair,
I long'd so heartily then and there
To give him the grasp of fellowship;
But while I past he was humming an air,
Stopt, and then with a riding whip
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contumelious lip,
Gorgonised[1] me from head to foot
With a stony British stare.

III

Why sits he here in his father's chair?
That old man never comes to his place:
Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen?
For only once, in the village street,
Last year, I caught a glimpse of his face,
A gray old wolf and a lean.
Scarcely, now, would I call him a cheat;
For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,
She might by a true descent be untrue;
And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet:
Tho' I fancy her sweetness only due
To the sweeter blood by the other side;
Her mother has been a thing complete,
However she came to be so allied.

[1] *Gorgonised.* Turned me to stone, the effect that the head of the Gorgon, Medusa, had upon those who looked upon it.

And fair without, faithful within,
Maud to him is nothing akin:
Some peculiar mystic grace
Made her only the child of her mother,
And heap'd the whole inherited sin [1]
On that huge scapegoat of the race,
All, all upon the brother.

IV

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be!
Has not his sister smiled on me?

XIV

I

Maud has a garden of roses
And lilies fair on a lawn;
There she walks in her state
And tends upon bed and bower,
And thither I climb'd at dawn
And stood by her garden-gate;
A lion ramps at the top,
He is claspt by a passion-flower.

II

Maud's own little oak-room
(Which Maud, like a precious stone
Set in the heart of the cavern gloom,
Lights with herself, when alone
She sits by her music and books
And her brother lingers late
With a roystering company) looks
Upon Maud's own garden-gate:

[1] *Whole inherited sin.* See, however, line 953.

And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as white
As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid
On the hasp of the window, and my Delight
Had a sudden desire, like a glorious ghost, to glide,
Like a beam of the seventh Heaven,[1] down to my side,
There were but a step to be made.

III

The fancy flatter'd my mind,
And again seem'd overbold;
Now I thought that she cared for me,
Now I thought she was kind
Only because she was cold.

IV

I heard no sound where I stood
But the rivulet on from the lawn
Running down to my own dark wood;
Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd
Now and then in the dim-gray dawn;
But I look'd, and round, all round the house I beheld
The death-white curtain drawn;
Felt a horror over me creep,
Prickle my skin and catch my breath,
Knew that the death-white curtain meant but sleep,
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool of the sleep of death.

---

[1] *Seventh Heaven.* The seventh Heaven, according to the Mohammedans, is the highest heaven of all, and typifies the most perfect happiness.

XV

So dark a mind within me dwells,
And I make myself such evil cheer,
That if *I* be dear to some one else,
Then some one else may have much to fear;
But if *I* be dear to some one else,
Then I should be to myself more dear.
Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink,
If I be dear,
If I be dear to some one else.

XVI

I

This lump of earth has left his estate
The lighter by the loss of his weight;
And so that he find what he went to seek,
And fulsome Pleasure clog him, and drown
His heart in the gross mud-honey of town,
He may stay for a year who has gone for a week:
But this is the day when I must speak,
And I see my Oread[1] coming down,
O this is the day!
O beautiful creature, what am I
That I dare to look her way;
Think I may hold dominion sweet,
Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast,
And dream of her beauty with tender dread,
From the delicate Arab arch[2] of her feet
To the grace that, bright and light as the crest

[1] *Oread.* A mountain nymph.
[2] *Arab arch.* Like the arch of the neck of an Arabian horse.

Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,
And she knows it not: O, if she knew it,
To know her beauty might half undo it.
I know it the one bright thing to save
My yet young life in the wilds of Time,
Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime,
Perhaps from a selfish grave.

II

What, if she be fasten'd to this fool lord,
Dare I bid her abide by her word?
Should I love her so well if she
Had given her word to a thing so low?
Shall I love her as well if she
Can break her word were it even for me?
I trust that it is not so.

III

Catch not my breath, O clamorous heart,
Let not my tongue be a thrall to my eye,
For I must tell her before we part,
I must tell her, or die.

XVII

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
Over glowing ships;
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.[1]

XVIII

I

I have led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.

[1] *A rose her mouth.* "If some readers should object to these lines as perilously near nonsense, they will perhaps make some allowance for a young man very much in love, and at the crisis of his fate. At any rate, their rapid, excited movement and somewhat incoherent style make an effective contrast to the dignified beauty and grace of XVIII, — lines which their author, we are told, could hardly command himself to read, and which, while recalling snatches of Elizabethan poetry, have felicities of their own which belong only to the age when they were produced." — ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.

And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself [1] to the long-wish'd-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

II

None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurel's pattering talk
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more;
But even then I heard her close the door,
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

III

There is none like her, none.
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar,[2] tho' thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With honey'd rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;

---

[1] *Calming itself.*

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."
— *Crossing the Bar.*

[2] *Dark cedar.* See line 162.

And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came.

IV

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,
And you fair stars that crown a happy day
Go in and out as if at merry play,
Who am no more so all forlorn,
As when it seem'd far better to be born
To labour and the mattock-harden'd hand,
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand
A sad astrology,[1] the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man.

V

But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl
The countercharm[2] of space and hollow sky,
And do accept my madness, and would die
To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

---

[1] *Sad astrology.* "Not the old astrology which made human destiny dependent on the stars, but 'the sadder astrology of modern astronomy, which shows that the celestial bodies follow their own course and have nothing to do with human affairs.' The science of our own day has removed them to such inconceivable distance that they make man feel only 'his nothingness.'" — Dr. W. J. Rolfe.

[2] *The countercharm.* It is the human affections that convince us that there is divine love manifested throughout the universe.

VI

Would die; for sullen-seeming Death may give
More life to Love than is or ever was
In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet to live.
Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

VII

Not die; but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?[1]
Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud made my Maud by that long loving kiss,
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?
"The dusky strand of Death inwoven here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear."

VIII

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?
And hark the clock within, the silver knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses play;
But now by this my love has closed her sight
And given false death[2] her hand, and stol'n away
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.

---

[1] *Dust of death.* *Isaiah* xxii. 13. [2] *False death.* Sleep.

May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.
My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart, my ownest own, farewell;
It is but for a little space I go:
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
Beat to the noiseless music of the night!
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendours that you look so bright?
I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
That seems to draw — but it shall not be so:
Let all be well, be well.

XIX

I

Her brother is coming back to-night,
Breaking up my dream of delight.

II

My dream? do I dream of bliss?
I have walk'd awake with Truth.
O when did a morning shine
So rich in atonement as this
For my dark-dawning youth,
Darken'd watching a mother decline
And that dead man at her heart and mine:
For who was left to watch her but I?
Yet so did I let my freshness die.

III

I trust that I did not talk
To gentle Maud in our walk,
(For often in lonely wanderings
I have cursed him even to lifeless things)
But I trust that I did not talk,
Not touch on her father's sin:
I am sure I did but speak
Of my mother's faded cheek
When it slowly grew so thin,
That I felt she was slowly dying
Vext with lawyers and harass'd with debt:
For how often I caught her with eyes all wet,
Shaking her head at her son and sighing
A world of trouble within!

IV

And Maud too, Maud was moved
To speak of the mother she loved
As one scarce less forlorn,
Dying abroad and it seems apart
From him who had ceased to share her heart,
And ever mourning over the feud,
The household Fury sprinkled with blood
By which our houses are torn:[1]
How strange was what she said,
When only Maud and the brother
Hung over her dying bed —
That Maud's dark father and mine

[1] *Our houses are torn.* The hatred between the two houses or the result of the events leading up to the suicide of the hero's father. The Eumenides or Furies were, among the Greeks, the ministers of the vengeance of the gods.

Had bound us one to the other,
Betrothed us over their wine,
On the day when Maud was born;
Seal'd her mine from her first sweet breath.
Mine, mine by a right, from birth till death.
Mine, mine — our fathers have sworn.

V

But the true blood spilt had in it a heat
To dissolve the precious seal on a bond,
That, if left uncancell'd, had been so sweet:
And none of us thought of a something beyond,
A desire that awoke[1] in the heart of the child,
As it were a duty done to the tomb,
To be friends for her sake, to be reconciled;
And I was cursing them and my doom,
And letting a dangerous thought run wild
While often abroad in the fragrant gloom
Of foreign churches — I see her there,
Bright English lily, breathing a prayer
To be friends, to be reconciled!

VI

But then what a flint is he!
Abroad, at Florence, at Rome,
I find whenever she touch'd on me
This brother had laugh'd her down,
And at last, when each came home,
He had darken'd into a frown,

[1] *A desire that awoke.* This section was not in the first edition of the poem, but was added subsequently to explain more fully the interest taken by Maud in the hero from the first.

Chid her, and forbid her to speak
To me, her friend of the years before;
And this was what had redden'd her cheek
When I bow'd to her on the moor.

VII

Yet Maud, altho' not blind
To the faults of his heart and mind,
I see she cannot but love him,
And says he is rough but kind,
And wishes me to approve him,
And tells me, when she lay
Sick once, with a fear of worse,
That he left his wine and horses and play,
Sat with her, read to her, night and day,
And tended her like a nurse.

VIII

Kind? but the deathbed desire
Spurn'd by this heir of the liar —
Rough but kind? yet I know
He has plotted against me in this,
That he plots against me still.
Kind to Maud? that were not amiss.
Well, rough but kind; why let it be so:
For shall not Maud have her will?

IX

For, Maud, so tender and true,
As long as my life endures
I feel I shall owe you a debt,
That I never can hope to pay;
And if ever I should forget

That I owe this debt to you
And for your sweet sake to yours;
O then, what then shall I say? —
If ever I *should* forget,
May God make me more wretched
Than ever I have been yet!

X

So now I have sworn to bury
All this dead body of hate,
I feel so free and so clear
By the loss of that dead weight,
That I should grow light-headed, I fear,
Fantastically merry;
But that her brother comes, like a blight
On my fresh hope, to the Hall to-night.

XX

I

Strange, that I felt so gay,
Strange, that *I* tried to-day
To beguile her melancholy;
The Sultan, as we name him, —
She did not wish to blame him —
But he vext her and perplext her
With his worldly talk and folly:
Was it gentle to reprove her
For stealing out of view
From a little lazy lover
Who but claims her as his due?
Or for chilling his caresses
By the coldness of her manners,
Nay, the plainness of her dresses?

Now I know her but in two,
Nor can pronounce upon it
If one should ask me whether
The habit, hat, and feather,
Or the frock and gypsy bonnet
Be the neater and completer;
For nothing can be sweeter
Than maiden Maud in either.

II

But to-morrow, if we live,
Our ponderous squire will give
A grand political dinner
To half the squirelings near;
And Maud will wear her jewels,
And the bird of prey will hover,
And the titmouse hope to win her
With his chirrup at her ear.

III

A grand political dinner
To the men of many acres,
A gathering of the Tory,
A dinner and then a dance
For the maids and marriage-makers,
And every eye but mine will glance
At Maud in all her glory.

IV

For I am not invited,
But, with the Sultan's pardon,
I am all as well delighted,
For I know her own rose-garden,

And mean to linger in it
Till the dancing will be over;
And then, oh then, come out to me
For a minute, but for a minute,
Come out to your own true lover,
That your true lover may see
Your glory also, and render
All homage to his own darling,
Queen Maud in all her splendour.

XXI

Rivulet crossing my ground,
And bringing me down from the Hall
This garden-rose that I found,
Forgetful of Maud and me,
And lost in trouble and moving round
Here at the head of a tinkling fall,
And trying to pass to the sea;
O Rivulet, born at the Hall,
My Maud has sent it by thee
(If I read her sweet will right)
On a blushing mission to me,
Saying in odour and colour, "Ah, be
Among the roses to-night."

XXII

I

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

II

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love[1] is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

III

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

IV

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

V

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?

[1] *Planet of Love.* Venus, the goddess of love, as a morning star.

But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

VI

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

VII

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print[1] of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

IX

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,

[1] *Jewel-print.* See line 175.

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

X

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

XI

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.[1]

---

[1] *Purple and red.* "Though slightly irregular in form, yet in regard to their number and the delicate intellectual accompaniment of their melody, the stanzas 'Come into the garden, Maud,' are the most perfect specimens of their kind." — MORTON LUCE.

PART II

I

1

"THE fault was mine,[1] the fault was mine" —
Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and still,
Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the hill? —
It is this guilty hand! —
And there rises ever a passionate cry
From underneath in the darkening land —
What is it, that has been done?
O dawn of Eden bright over earth and sky,
The fires of Hell brake out of thy rising sun,
The fires of Hell and of Hate;
For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken a word,
When her brother ran in his rage to the gate,
He came with the babe-faced lord;
Heap'd on her terms of disgrace,
And while she wept, and I strove to be cool,
He fiercely gave me the lie,
Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,
And he struck me, madman, over the face,
Struck me before the languid fool,
Who was gaping and grinning by:

---

[1] *The fault was mine.* See line 953. The lovers are surprised in the garden by Maud's brother and the "young lord-lover." A quarrel ensues; the brother is killed in the duel that follows, bravely taking the blame upon himself; the hero flees, and while in exile, learns that "the gentle spirit of Maud has fled the troublous world." She is broken-hearted at the double loss of her brother and lover.

Struck for himself an evil stroke;
Wrought for his house an irredeemable woe;
For front to front in an hour we stood,
And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke
From the red-ribb'd hollow[1] behind the wood,
And thunder'd up into Heaven the Christless code,[2]
That must have life for a blow.
Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to grow.
Was it he lay there with a fading eye?
"The fault was mine," he whisper'd, "fly!"
Then glided out of the joyous wood
The ghastly Wraith of one that I know;[3]
And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,
A cry for a brother's blood:
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die.

II

Is it gone? my pulses beat —
What was it? a lying trick of the brain?
Yet I thought I saw her stand,
A shadow there at my feet,
High over the shadowy land.
It is gone; and the heavens fall in a gentle rain,
When they should burst and drown with deluging storms
The feeble vassals of wine and anger and lust,
The little hearts that know not how to forgive:
Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold Thee just,
Strike dead the whole weak race of venomous worms,

[1] *Red-ribb'd hollow.* See lines 1–4.

[2] *The Christless code.* Duelling was still in vogue in England at this time. Soon afterwards, however, largely owing to the influence of the Prince Consort, it was abolished.

[3] *One that I know.* Maud.

That sting each other here in the dust;
We are not worthy to live.

II

I

See what a lovely shell,[1]
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

II

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

III

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

---

[1] *A lovely shell.* "This is unquestionably true to nature. The merest trifles commonly catch the eye of persons who are intensely occupied with grief, and then lead them out from themselves, until they are able to find some relief for the internal pressure through words." — Dr. Robert James Mann.

IV

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

V

Breton, not Briton; here
Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast
Of ancient fable and fear —
Plagued with a flitting to and fro,
A disease, a hard mechanic ghost
That never came from on high
Nor ever arose from below,
But only moves with the moving eye,
Flying along the land and the main —
Why should it look like Maud?
Am I to be overawed
By what I cannot but know
Is a juggle born of the brain?

VI

Back from the Breton coast,
Sick of a nameless fear,
Back to the dark sea-line
Looking, thinking of all I have lost;
An old song vexes my ear;
But that of Lamech[1] is mine.

[1] *Lamech.* See *Genesis* iv. 23.

VII

For years, a measureless ill,
For years, for ever, to part —
But she, she would love me still;
And as long, O God, as she
Have a grain of love for me,
So long, no doubt, no doubt,
Shall I nurse in my dark heart,
However weary, a spark of will
Not to be trampled out.

VIII

Strange, that the mind, when fraught
With a passion so intense
One would think that it well
Might drown all life in the eye, —
That it should, by being so overwrought,
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense
For a shell, or a flower, little things
Which else would have been past by!
And now I remember, I,
When he lay dying there,
I noticed one of his many rings
(For he had many, poor worm) and thought
It is his mother's hair.

IX

Who knows if he be dead?
Whether I need have fled?
Am I guilty of blood?
However this may be,
Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
While I am over the sea!

Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happen to me!
Me and my harmful love go by;
But come to her waking, find her asleep,
Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
And comfort her tho' I die.

III

Courage, poor heart of stone!
I will not ask thee why
Thou canst not understand
That thou art left for ever alone:
Courage, poor stupid heart of stone. —
Or if I ask thee why,
Care not thou to reply:
She is but dead, and the time is at hand
When thou shalt more than die.

IV

I

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

II

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter
Than anything on earth.

III

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee:
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

IV

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

V

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

VI

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendour falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

VII

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,[1]
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

VIII

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about!
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

[1] *A passionate cry.* See line 956.

IX

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapours choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

X

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame,
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

XI

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

XII

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say "Forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest"?

XIII

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me:
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

V

I

Dead, long dead,[1]
Long dead!
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into a shallow grave they are thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat,

[1] *Long dead.* "The reason of the long-tasked sufferer has at last yielded to the continued strain, and he is now a maniac, confined in one of the London asylums for the insane, where he can hear the muffled sound and confusion of the vast metropolitan traffic surging around him in an interminable whirl."
— Dr. Robert James Mann.

It is the general opinion of those competent to judge that the delineation of madness in this section is "surprisingly true to nature." Indeed, one famous doctor for the insane wrote to the poet that it is "the most faithful representation of madness since Shakespeare."

Beat into my scalp and my brain,
With never an end to the stream of passing feet,
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
Clamour and rumble, and ringing and clatter,
And here beneath it is all as bad,
For I thought the dead had peace,[1] but it is not so;
To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad?
But up and down and to and fro,
Ever about me the dead men go;
And then to hear a dead man chatter
Is enough to drive one mad.

II

Wretchedest age, since Time began,
They cannot even bury a man;
And tho' we paid our tithes in the days that are gone,
Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was read;
It is that which makes us loud in the world of the dead;
There is none that does his work, not one;
A touch of their office might have sufficed,
But the churchmen fain would kill their church,
As the churches have kill'd their Christ.

III

See, there is one of us sobbing,
No limit to his distress;

---

[1] *The dead had peace.* "The one fundamental delusion upon which the insanity of the derationalized hero of *Maud* is constructed, is the fancy that he who has so long yearned for death, as the sole boon worth craving upon earth, has at length found it, and yet remains conscious of suffering, and has no peace with it, as he ought to have." — Dr. Robert James Mann.

And another, a lord of all things, praying
To his own great self, as I guess;
And another, a statesman there, betraying
His party-secret, fool, to the press;
And yonder a vile physician, blabbing
The case of his patient — all for what?
To tickle the maggot born in an empty head,
And wheedle a world that loves him not,
For it is but a world of the dead.

IV

Nothing but idiot gabble!
For the prophecy[1] given of old
And then not understood,
Has come to pass as foretold;
Not let any man think for the public good
But babble, merely for babble.
For I never whisper'd a private affair
Within the hearing of cat or mouse,
No, not to myself in the closet alone,
But I heard it shouted at once from the top of the house;
Everything came to be known.
Who told *him*[2] we were there?

V

Not that gray old wolf,[3] for he came not back
From the wilderness, full of wolves, where he used to lie;

[1] *The prophecy.* Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth suggests that this may refer to 2 *Timothy* iii. 2, or possibly to *Luke* xii. 2 and 3.

[2] *Him.* Maud's brother. [3] *Gray old wolf.* See line 471.

He has gather'd the bones for his o'ergrown whelp to crack;
Crack them now for yourself,[1] and howl, and die.

VI

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
And curse me the British vermin, the rat;
I know not whether he came in the Hanover ship,[2]
But I know that he lies and listens mute
In an ancient mansion's crannies and holes:
Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,
Except that now we poison our babes,[3] poor souls!
It is all used up for that.

VII

Tell him now: she is standing here at my head;
Not beautiful now, not even kind;
He may take her now; for she never speaks her mind,
But is ever the one thing silent here.
She is not *of* us, as I divine;
She comes from another stiller world of the dead,
Stiller, not fairer than mine.

VIII

But I know where a garden grows,
Fairer than aught in the world beside,
All made up of the lily and rose

---

[1] *For yourself.* The son is dead.

[2] *Hanover ship.* The Jacobites asserted that the brown Norwegian rat came over with George I, the first of the Hanoverian line.

[3] *Poison our babes.* See line 45.

That blow by night, when the season is good,
To the sound of dancing music and flutes:
It is only flowers, they had no fruits,
And I almost fear they are not roses, but blood;
For the keeper[1] was one, so full of pride,
He linkt a dead man[2] there to a spectral bride;
For he, if he had not been a Sultan of brutes,
Would he have that hole in his side?[3]

IX

But what will the old man say?
He laid a cruel snare in a pit
To catch a friend of mine one stormy day;
Yet now I could even weep to think of it;
For what will the old man say
When he comes to the second corpse in the pit?

X

Friend, to be struck by the public foe,
Then to strike him and lay him low,
That were a public merit, far,
Whatever the Quaker holds, from sin;
But the red life spilt for a private blow —
I swear to you, lawful and lawless war
Are scarcely even akin.

XI

O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,

[1] *The keeper.* Maud's brother.

[2] *A dead man.* The hero of the poem.

[3] *Hole in his side.* If his nature had not been so imperious, he would not have met his death as he did.

Me, that was never a quiet sleeper?
Maybe still I am but half-dead[1];
Then I cannot be wholly dumb;
I will cry to the steps above my head
And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper.

[1] *Half-dead.* "There is a glimmering here of a return to consciousness and reason touching the subject of the delusion, which is cunningly thrown in towards the conclusion of this scene, to show that the insanity is not altogether of a hopeless and irremediable kind. The use that is made, however, of the glimmer of lucidity shows plainly enough that the cure will not be a sudden one." — Dr. Robert James Mann.

PART III

I

I

My life has crept so long on a broken wing
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing:
My mood is changed,[1] for it fell at a time of year[2]
When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer[3]
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the west,
That like a silent lightning under the stars
She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,
And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars —
"And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,

---

[1] *My mood is changed.* He is now sane and calm.

[2] *A time of year.* It is now spring again, and a year has elapsed since the opening of the poem. See line 101.

[3] *Charioteer.* "About half-past eight at night, towards the end of April, when the spring daffodils in the South of England have faded, and the dew is falling under a clear sky on the open chalk downs of the Isle of Wight, or the southern counties, *Orion* lies due west, almost sunk below the horizon; *Gemini* (Castor and Pollux) hangs right over 'Orion's grave,' slightly to the south of due west, and about one-third up from the horizon to the zenith; while the *Charioteer* (Auriga) is slightly higher in the heavens, and a little more to the north of due west."
— Rowe and Webb.

Knowing I tarry for thee," and pointed to Mars[1]
As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast.

II

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight
To have look'd, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary world my one thing bright;
And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my despair
When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right,[2]
That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire:
No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

---

[1] *Mars.* The planet *Mars*, which has a red light, is seen in or near the constellation *Leo* or the *Lion*. Mars was the god of war among the Romans, and is typical of war.

[2] *Defence of the right.* The war known as the Crimean War, undertaken in 1854 by Britain and France against Russia, was popularly supposed to be a crusade on behalf of an oppressed people. The Czar of Russia was looked upon as the embodiment of all evil, — a gigantic liar, an iron tyrant. The action of Russia against the Turks was regarded as the culmination of a long series of tyrannies by a powerful nation over its defenceless neighbours. It was felt that Britain must champion the rights of the weak and the downtrodden.

III

And as months ran on and rumour of battle grew,
"It is time, it is time, O passionate heart," said I
(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),
"It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock-disease should die."
And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,
Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

IV

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims[1]
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!
Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep

[1] *The higher aims.* "England's redemption was to come through war. Not through the suffering of war (though this also may be needed by nations as by men), but through those reawakened sympathies, through that departure from self-centredness, which could lead her voluntarily to enter into the loss and suffering of war. For it cannot but be true that, as a man is incapable of nobility while his own life and interests monopolise his attention, so also it must be with a nation. There is a truth in the principle of non-intervention; but also it may easily pass into a lie; and a nation has consented to be ignoble when it has resolved that for no causes outside the circle of its own interests it will risk the issues or incur the sacrifices of war." — Edward Campbell Tainsh.

For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,
Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire;
For the peace, that I deem'd no peace, is over and done,
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

V

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind;
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God,[1] and the doom assign'd.

---

[1] *The purpose of God.* "The chastened man yearns for the consummation of his union with her who has been parted from him for a time; but he now knows that such consummation can be effected only through earnest and manful effort on his

own part, and accepts the grand necessity of the fate to which he has been born. Henceforth he will mingle with mankind and not shun them; he will labour to amend faults that he perceives and not rail at them; he will give the remainder of his life to healthy action and not to morbid dreams. From this time forth he will forget to preach, and will learn to fight, and his fight shall be one continuous effort to right the wrong. Soon after these insights have been realised, it happens that a powerful and generous people prepares a mighty armament to do battle against the oppressor. This seems to him to be the very embodiment of his own desire, and, rushing to the armed rendezvous, he mingles his voice in the glorious battle cry that is there upraised, in unison with the hope that has now become to him the breath of life." — Dr. Robert James Mann.

LOCKSLEY HALL

INTRODUCTION

Locksley Hall was first published in the volume of 1842, and altered very little in subsequent editions. Efforts have been made to identify the Hall in the poem with Langton Hall, near Somersby in Lincolnshire. It has also been stated that the poem owes its origin to an early experience of the author. Tennyson, however, states that both the place and the hero are imaginary, and that the poem contains nothing of a biographical nature. The original idea was taken from Sir William Jones's translation of the *Moâllakât*, the seven Arabic poems hanging up in the temple of Mecca. The scenery is, of course, that of Lincolnshire, in the midst of which the early life of the poet was passed.

In later life, Tennyson wrote an expansion of *Locksley Hall*, and entitled the poem *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*. If possible, this poem should be read carefully. A comparison between the enthusiastic optimism of the young man just entering upon life with the somewhat darker opinions of the man whose span is almost exhausted, will form a most valuable study.

There is but one point in connection with *Locksley Hall* upon which students of literature differ to any material extent. This is well treated by Peter Bayne, who says: "Exception has been taken to the tone which the discarded lover assumes towards her who has forsaken him, as if its harshness were impossible for a generous and magnanimous nature, which Tennyson, without question, intends his lover to be. But I think this

is to bring the air of Rosa Matilda romance over the world of reality. It would have been very pretty for the poet to represent his lover as breathing nothing but admiration and broken-hearted forgiveness. Schiller might perhaps have told the story so, but Goethe or Shakespeare would not. Heroes that are too angelic cease to be men. The high-flown magnanimity is the sign-manual of the false sublime. Tennyson makes it plain, also, that it is only what is degrading in Amy's life that the lover blames and hates. Beneath all his angry words, his love for her remains ineradicable, and he would wish her happy if he could do so, and at the same time save her from his contempt."

LOCKSLEY HALL

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams[1] about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion[2] sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads,[3] rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

---

[1] *Dreary gleams.* "While dreary gleams are flying." This is an absolute construction, and is not connected with "curlews" in the preceding line.

[2] *Orion.* See *Maud,* lines 101 and 1273.

[3] *Pleiads.* A group of seven stars on the shoulder of the constellation Taurus (the Bull).

"Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades
Or loose the bands of Orion?" — *Job* xxxviii. 31.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. —

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris[1] changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

[1] *Iris.* In the Greek mythology, Iris was the rainbow goddess.

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.[1]

And she turn'd — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs —
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes —

Saying, " I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong; "
Saying, " Dost thou love me, cousin? " weeping, " I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self,[2] that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

---

[1] *Northern night.* The aurora borealis.

[2] *The chord of Self.* " This line concentrates into itself a large part of Tennyson's noble conception of love, or conception of the nobleness of love. Love annihilates Self, even when exacting it, and crowns life in a twofold ecstasy of renunciation and attainment. A life of unselfish, beneficent occupation — of sympathy in mental culture — of co-operation in benevolent effort — would have been the natural sequel. But Mammon and conventional respectability tore the strings from the harp of life, and shattered the glass of time with its golden sands."
— PETER BAYNE.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me — to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level[1] day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.

---

[1] *Lower to his level.* Compare the attitude of the lover towards the favoured suitor with that of the hero towards the "young lord-lover" in *Maud.*

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand —
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead
of the fool!

Well — 'tis well that I should bluster! — Hadst thou
less unworthy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee more than ever
wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but
bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at
the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of
years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging
rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the
mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew
her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak
and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to
love.

Can I think of her as dead,[1] and love her for the love
she bore?
No — she never loved me truly: love is love for-
evermore.

[1] *Her as dead.* "Can I think of Amy as dead in the same way that I think of that other who perished?"

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by the phantom years,[1]
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

[1] *Phantom years.* The years that are yet to come.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings — she herself was not exempt —
Truly, she herself had suffer'd" — Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour,[1] and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:

---

[1] *Roll'd in vapour.* Enveloped in the smoke from the cannons.

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd[1] no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd

---

[1] *War-drum throbb'd.*

"I would that wars should cease,
I would the globe from end to end
Might sow and reap in peace."
— *Charge of the Heavy Brigade.*

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.[1]

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

---

[1] *Federation of the world.*

"Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers."
— *Ode sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition.*

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes,[1] but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain —
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:

---

[1] *Knowledge comes.*

"For Knowledge is the swallow on the lake
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there,
But never yet hath dipt into the abysm."
— *The Ancient Sage.*

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens,[1] nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient,[2] where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle[3] fell my father evil-starr'd; —
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

---

[1] *Nature sickens.* Where nothing is natural, but everything is ruled by convention.

[2] *Orient.* India, where he was born.

[3] *Mahratta-battle.* The Mahrattas were finally conquered by the British in 1803.

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing space,
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time —

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon[1] in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves[2] of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.[3]

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

---

[1] *Joshua's moon.* See *Joshua* x. 12.

[2] *Ringing grooves.* Tennyson says: "When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830) I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night, and there was such a vast crowd at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line."

[3] *Cathay.* China, the most unprogressive of countries. *Cycle* is here used to mean "an indefinite period."

O, I see the crescent promise[1] of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

---

[1] *Crescent promise.* "If *Locksley Hall* as a whole is morbid, then it is morbid to represent a young man rising above an early disappointment in love, and coming out from it stronger, less sensitive, more sinewed for action." — GEORGE BRIMLEY.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir. By *his Son.* London: Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1897.

Alfred Tennyson: A Saintly Life. By *Robert F. Horton.* London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1900.

Glimpses of Tennyson and of Some of His Relations and Friends. By *Agnes Grace Weld.* London: Williams & Norgate, 1903.

Memories of the Tennysons. By *The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley.* Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons, 1900.

The Homes of Tennyson. Painted by *Helen Allingham.* Described by *Arthur Paterson.* London: Adam and Charles Black, 1905.

The Laureate's Country. By *Alfred J. Church.* London: Seeley & Co., Limited, 1891.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Study of His Life and Work. By *Arthur Waugh.* London: William Heinemann, 1892.

Alfred Tennyson. By *Sir Alfred Lyall.* London: Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1902.

Alfred Tennyson. By *Andrew Lang.* New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1901.

Alfred Tennyson. By *Arthur Christopher Benson.* London: Methuen & Co., 1904.

Lord Tennyson: A Biographical Sketch. By *Henry J. Jennings.* London: Chatto & Windus, 1892.

Tennyson: A Critical Study. By *Stephen Gwynn.* London: Blackie & Son, Limited, 1899.

Tennyson: His Homes, His Friends and His Work. By *Elisabeth Luther Cary.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898.

A Handbook to the Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By *Morton Luce.* London: George Bell & Sons, 1897.

Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life. By *Stopford A. Brooke.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1894.

A Study of the Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By *Edward Campbell Tainsh.* London: Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1893.

TENNYSON: POET, PHILOSOPHER, IDEALIST. By *J. Cuming Walters*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited, 1893.

THE POETRY OF TENNYSON. By *Henry van Dyke*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905.

A TENNYSON PRIMER WITH A CRITICAL ESSAY. By *William Macneile Dixon*. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1896.

TENNYSON AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER. By *Charles F. G. Masterman*. London: Methuen & Co., 1900.

THE MIND OF TENNYSON: HIS THOUGHTS ON GOD, FREEDOM AND IMMORTALITY. By *E. Hershey Sneath*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1900.

THE SOCIAL IDEALS OF ALFRED TENNYSON AS RELATED TO HIS TIME. By *William Clark Gordon*. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1906.

CLASSICAL ECHOES IN TENNYSON. By *Wilfred P. Mustard*. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1904.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE. By *Edward Dowden*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited, 1906.

LITERARY STUDIES. Vol. II. By *Walter Bagehot*. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1895.

VICTORIAN POETS. By *Edmund Clarence Stedman*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1893.

THE GREATER ENGLISH POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By *William Morton Payne*. New York: Henry Holt & Company, 1907.

THE MAKERS OF MODERN ENGLISH POETRY. By *W. J. Dawson*. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1905.

THE HIGHER MINISTRIES OF RECENT ENGLISH POETRY. By *Frank W. Gunsaulus*. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company, 1907.

LITERARY ESSAYS. By *Richard Holt Hutton*. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1896.

TENNYSON, RUSKIN, MILL AND OTHER LITERARY ESTIMATES. By *Frederic Harrison*. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1900.

POETS AND PROBLEMS. By *George Willis Cooke*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1886.

A STUDY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS. By *J. Scott Clark*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1900.

20. **Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.** Edited with notes by Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., English Specialist, Harbord Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

21. **Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.** Edited with notes by F. C. Colbeck, B.A., Principal, Collegiate Institute, West Toronto.

22. **Shakespeare's As You Like It.** Edited with notes by J. F. Van Every, B.A., English Master, Collegiate Institute, Owen Sound.

23. **Shakespeare's Macbeth.** Edited with notes by Miss A. E. Allin, M.A., English Specialist, High School, Lindsay.

24. **Public School Poetry Book, Part I.** Edited with notes by J. F. White, B.A., LL.D., Principal, Provincial Normal School, Ottawa, and W. J. Sykes, B.A.

25. **Public School Poetry Book, Part II.** Edited with notes by J. F. White, B.A., LL.D., and W. J. Sykes, B.A.

26. **Public School Poetry Book, Part III.** Edited with notes by J. F. White, B.A., LL.D., and W. J. Sykes, B.A.

27. **Scott's The Lay of the Last Minstrel.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul, M.A.

28. **High School Reading Book.** Edited with notes by J. A. Houston, B.A., Inspector of High Schools for Ontario. *In preparation.*

29. **Longer Narrative Poems.** Edited with notes by John Jeffries, B.A., English Specialist, Jarvis Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

30. **Selections from Browning and Tennyson.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul, M.A.

31. **Scott's The Lady of the Lake.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul, M.A.

32. **Selections from Coleridge and Wordsworth.** Edited with notes by Pelham Edgar, Ph.D., Professor of French, Victoria College, Toronto.

33. **Dickens's A Christmas Carol.** Edited with notes by J. F. Van Every, B.A.

34. **Dickens's The Cricket on the Hearth.** Edited with notes by J. F. Van Every, B.A.

35. **Tennyson's Enoch Arden, etc.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul, M.A.

36. **Selections from "The Makers of Canada."** Edited with notes by John C. Saul, M.A.

37. **Longfellow's Evangeline.** Edited with notes by John Jeffries, B.A.

38. **Seven Tales from Shakespeare.** By Charles and Mary Lamb.

39. **Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream.** Edited with notes by Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A.

40. **Tennyson's Maud and Locksley Hall.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul, M.A.